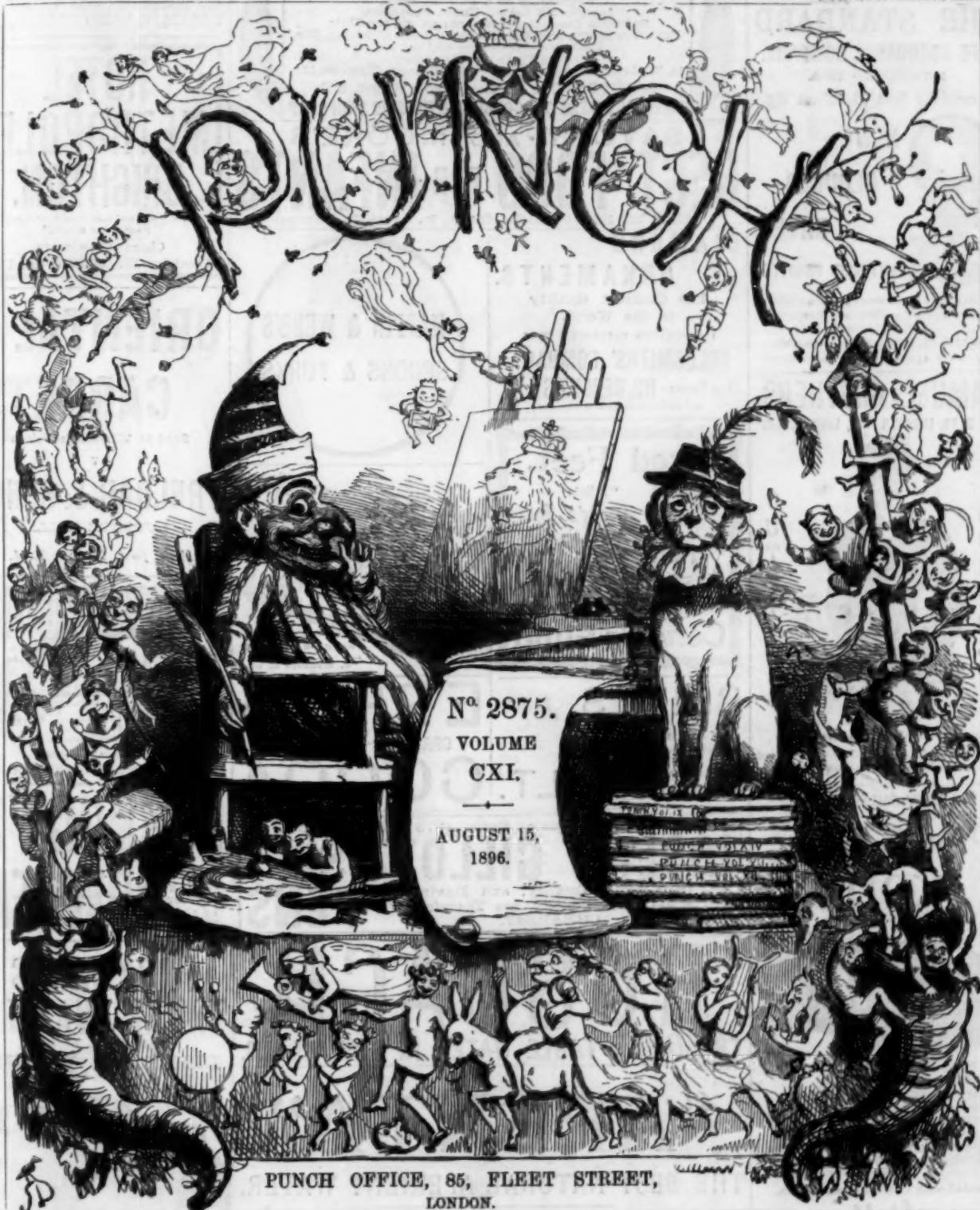


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"TELL YOUR FORTUNE, PRETTY GENTLEMAN!"

### ENCORE, W. G.!

[Playing for Gloucester against Sussex at Bristol, on August 3, 4, 5, the veteran Doctor W. G. GRACE scored 301 runs.]

THREE Hundred and One, and at forty-eight!!!

Well, words are used up! Be the Doctor's fate

To score, standing straight as to-day by the sticks,

Six Hundred and Two when he's ninety-six!

Nay, by Jove, if like this he still keeps up the fun,

He may yet score a century when he is one!

Of century-pilers the season's not barren, There's ANNE the midget, and mighty McLAREN,

"RANJI," and IREDALE, and GIFFEN, and THOTT,

And several more in the Cornstalk lot; HAYWARD and STORER, and how many more?

But W. G. still keeps topmost score; After thirty odd seasons still holds his place,

And gives us one other true "Year of GRACE!"

### SEASIDE RESORTS

To be avoided by Certain People.

BIRCHINGTON—by schoolboys.

Broadstairs—by bashful young ladies.

Ryde—by bad equestrians.

Torquay—by M.P.'s.

Swanage—by young writers to the Signet.

Weymouth—by lovers of sweet milk.

Whitby—by dullards.

Exmouth—by shunners of Röntgen rays.

Blackpool—by indifferent billiard players.

Barmouth—by heavy drinkers.

Isle of Man—by New Women.

Clevedon—by university dignitaries.

Clacton—by dramatic critics.

Freshwater—by East London turncocks.

Deal—by unlucky card-players.

Trimingham—by milliners.

Lyme—by jerry builders.

Minehead—by exiles from the Rand.

Cullercoats—by jockeys.

Loce—by gamblers.

Musselburgh—by weak persons.

Bray—by costermongers.

Burnham—by incendiaries.

Ayr—by stuffy folk.

Boscombe—by master hair-dressers.

Southsea—by promoters of bubble companies.

### THE CANTANKEROUS CONSUMER.

["The average wife would never trouble herself to procure a postal order and write a letter every time she wanted farm produce. She likes better to visit a dozen tradesmen and have little parcels sent to her door."—*Vide Letter to a Daily Paper.*]

1. Decide to send all my vegetables, fruit, honey, &c., in future to private consumers direct. Why be under the thumb of the shop-keeper, the grasping middleman, for ever? I won't!

2. After fearful expense in advertising, sending round circulars, and appeals (rather *infra dig.*, this) to private friends, I've managed to hook a few promises from heads of families.

3. Find that every family likes different things. Awfully bothering! Some like potatoes waxy, others floury. My honey too sweet for some, not sweet enough for others. Then the way these private consumers complain! "Why can't I supply apples easier to peel—not so nobbly?" Would mean pulling up all the trees in my orchard and planting new ones.

4. Families go away in the summer, and "don't want any more supplies at present." But I don't go away; and I do want supplies—of cash.

5. People quite offended, I find, if I ask for "prompt remittances." Then they begin to find fault with my cauliflowers! How mean!

6. Sudden falling off in orders. Why is this? I've discovered reason. Benevolent railway company is charging 6d. extra at other end for delivery. Protests. Vague replies. No redress. Ends in my having to pay that sixpence.

7. More advertising. Who would be a farmer? Or am I a market-gardener? Don't know—everything confused nowadays. See the G. O. M. has been discoursing on joys of country life. Wish I had a jolly shop in Seven Dials, I know!

8. Wretchedly small orders. Why aren't families bigger? Or hungrier, anyhow? Fancy having to sort out "6 new-laid eggs a week, 2 cabbages, 2 cauliflowers, and half a peck of peas!" Niggling work. And if a single egg gets broken, consumer deducts for it.

9. "Will it do," asks one matron, "if I am paid by cheque once a year?" Won't do at all, "unless she can give me names of two guarantors, one the clergyman of her parish." Indignant letter back—"she is not a servant, and does not give references." Lost her!

10. Have chucked up my private families. Couldn't stand them. Much too uncertain, coy, and hard to please. Back to middleman. Prefer one good hearty professional swindler to fifty private niggers and naggers!

### One Way of Looking at it.

Customer (to Proprietor of Up-to-date Restaurant). Well, Signor ROMELLI, how does a Bank Holiday suit your business?

Signor R. Splendid, Sir! No chance of what you call bad chicks come back to roost from the bank on that day!

VERY LOW FORM ON THE PART OF FATHER THAMES.

Boy (standing in mid-stream at Kew, to boating party). 'Ere yer are! Tow yer up to Richmond Lock! All by water, Sir!

THE EASTERN QUESTION.—How to improve the East London Water Supply.



PORTRAIT OF AN IDEAL WARDEN OF THE CINQUE-PORTS.

"SALISBURY, CHEER THY SPIRIT WITH THIS!"

*Henry the Sixth, Part I., Act i., Sc. 4.*

[*"Saturday, August 15. Installation of the PREMIER at Dover."*—*Fixtures from the Week's Calendar.*]



### THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

THE ABOVE IS NOT A COWARDLY ATTACK UPON AN UNPROTECTED LADY CYCLIST, BUT MERELY TOM GIVING HIS HEART'S IDOL HER FIRST LESSON.

### THE WEDDING GUEST'S VADE MECUM.

**Question.** When you are asked to be present at a certain church and afterwards at some address, what is your first care?

**Answer.** To send a suitable present for the bride's acceptance.

**Q.** What meaning do you attribute to the word "suitable"?

**A.** By suitable, I mean a fitness for display on a table, and subsequent description in a lady's paper.

**Q.** But is not your choice of a *cadeau* influenced by your feeling of affection and esteem for the intended recipient?

**A.** Certainly; but as it is impossible to present anything novel, it is wise to follow the lead of the majority to avoid singularity.

**Q.** What will be the probable result of the pursuit of this course?

**A.** That the bride will receive either a fifth silver card-case, a ninth dozen of silver fish-knives, or a thirty-third carriage-clock.

**Q.** What will you learn when, say, the thirty-third carriage-clock has been received?

**A.** That the thirty-third carriage-clock was just what the bride wanted.

**Q.** What is the characteristic of the regulation wedding present?

**A.** That it is contained in a case of rather disproportionate magnificence.

**Q.** Be kind enough to give an example to more fully explain your meaning.

**A.** A silver serviette ring embedded in rich silk and velvet, and protected from the dust by a box of Morocco.

**Q.** If you are fairly wealthy, and sufficiently intimate with the bride's parents to make the present, what is the best kind of gift to bestow?

**A.** A cheque for a substantial sum that can be expended by the young people upon something really desirable for their *ren ménage*.

**Q.** Is not every wedding present more or less useful?

**A.** Unquestionably; but a young housekeeper may possibly experience some difficulty in disposing satisfactorily of (say) seventy-six pairs of silver candlesticks, and a baker's dozen of chiming dinner-gongs.

**Q.** On the whole, is the custom of giving presents at weddings commendable?

**A.** Yes, for whatever may be the gift, it is a token of goodwill to the newly-married couple that should bring fair fortune to both donor and recipient.

**Q.** And what may be said of the man who objects to the pleasant practice?

**A.** If he be wedded, that his own nuptial life must have been a failure, and if he be a bachelor, he does not deserve to be married.

### Two Governments.

How Governments fare in our wisest of lands!

How leaders are foiled though they're sages and braves!  
The last one was twitted with "ploughing the sands,"

The present gave promise of "ruling the waves,"  
But "sowing the wind" seems much more in its line,

And "reaping the whirlwind" its fate, up to now.  
A Cabinet great, a majority fine,

With an eye like to Mars and a Jovian brow,  
Will surely not end in untimely self-slaughter,  
Or, leave, like poor KEATS, a name written in water.

### At Boulogne.

*Ted* (to 'Arry). What's the meaning of "avis" on those placards?

'Arry. There's a question from a feller as 'as studied Latin with me at the Board School! 'Ave you forgotten all about the black swan? It's a notice about birds, of course!



## JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGOO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XX.

*Mr. Jabberjee distinguishes himself in the Bar Examination, but is less successful in other respects. He writes another extremely ingenious epistle, from which he anticipates the happiest results.*

I AM happy to announce that I have passed the *pons asinorum* of Bar Exam with facility of a camel penetrating the needle's eye. *Tant mieuz! Huzza! Tol-de-rol-loll!!!*

My dilatoriness in publishing this joyful intelligence is due to



"Huzza! Tol-de-rol-loll!"

fact that I have only recently received official information of my triumph, which my family are now engaged in celebrating at Calcutta with peans of transport, illuminations, fireworks, an English brass band, and delicacies supplied (on contract system) from Great Eastern Hotel.

And yet so great was my humility that, when I entered Lincoln's Inn Hall one Monday shortly before 10 A.M., and received pens, some foolscaps, and a printed exam paper on the Law of Real and Personal Property and Conveyancing, I was at first as melancholy as a gib cat, and like to eat my head with despair!

So much so that I began my answers by pathetically imploring my indulgent father examiner to show me his bowels of compassion, on ground that I was an unfortunate Bengalee chap, afflicted by narrow circumstances and a raging tooth, and that my entire earthly felicity depended upon my being favoured with qualifying marks.

However, on perusal of the paper, I found that, owing to diligent cram and native aptitude for nice sharp quilllets of the law, I could floor it upon my *caput*, being at home with every description of mortgage, and having such things as reversions and contingent remainders at the extremities of my finger-ends.

In the afternoon I was again examined in Law and Equity, answering nearly every question with great copiousness and best style of composition, quoting freely from Hon'ble SNELL and UNDERHILL to back my opinion. Unhappily, I lost some of my precious time because, finding that I was required by the paper to "discuss" a certain statement, I left my seat in search of some pundit with whom I might carry on such a logomachy. And even now I fail to see how one individual can discuss a ques-

tion in pen and ink, any more than a single hand is capable of making a clap. Which I gave as my reason for not attempting the impossible.

The ordeal endured for four days. In the Roman Law department, I was on the spot with *Stillicidium* and similar servitudes, and in Criminal Law I did vastly distinguish myself by polishing off an intricate legal problem about *Misters A., B. and C.*, and certain bicycles, though, as I stated in a *postscriptum*, not being the practical cyclist, I could not be at all responsible for the accuracy of my solution, and hinted that it was somewhat *infra dig.* for such solemn dry-as-dusts as the Council of Legal Education to take any notice at all of those fashionable but flimsy mechanisms.

When called up for *ried voce* purposes, I dumb-founded my examiner by the readiness and volubility of my responses, to such an extent that, after asking one question only, he intimated his complete satisfaction, and I divined by his smiles that he was secretly determined to work the oracle in my favour.

And so I arrived at the pretty Pass by dint of flourishing my trumpet. But, heigho! some fly or other is the indispensable adjunct of every pot of ointment, and while I was still jumping for joy at having passed the steep barrier of such a Rubicon, there came a letter from Miss JESSIMINA which constrained me to carchinnate upon the wrong side of nose!

It appeared that, pursuant of my request, she had been to call upon Hon'ble Sir CHETWYND, who had duly informed her that I was not the genuine Rajah or any kind of real Prince, nor yet a *Croesus* with unlimited cash.

Here, if Hon'ble CUMMERBUND had stopped, or represented me as a worthless riddance of bad rubbish, all would have been well; but most unhappily he did exceed his instructions, and added that I was of respectable, well-to-do parentage, and very industrious young chap with first-class abilities, and likely to obtain lucrative practice at native Bar.

JESSIMINA wrote that she hoped she was not so mercenary as to be attracted by mere rank, and that it was enough for her that I was in the position to maintain her as a lady, so she would continue to hold me to my promise of marriage, and if I still declined to perform, she would be reluctantly compelled to place the matter in hands of lawyer.

On seeing that my second attempt to spoof was similarly the utter failure, I became like pig in poke with perplexity, until I was suddenly inspired by the ebullient flash of a happy idea, and taking up my *penna*, inscribed the following epistle:

MAGNANIMOUS AND EVER ADORABLE JESSIMINA!

I am immensely tickled with flattered complacency at your indomitable desire to become the bride of such a man of straw as this undeserving self, and will no longer offer any factious opposition to your wishes.

But in the intoxicating ardour of my billing and cooing I may have omitted to mention that, when I have led you to the Hymeneal altar, you will not be alone in your glory. As a Koolin Brahmin, I am, by laws of my country, entitled to about thirty or forty spouses, though, owing to natural timidity and economical reasons, I have not hitherto availed myself of said privilege.

However, when that I was a little tiny boy, I was compelled by family pressure to contract matrimony with an equally juvenile female of eight, and, though circumstances have prevented the second ceremony being celebrated on arriving at the more mature age of discretion, such infant marriage is notwithstanding the binding affair.

What of it? Your overwhelming affection will render you totally indifferent to the unpleasant side of your position as a *sateen* or rival wife, though it is the antipode of the bed of roses, especially under internecine feuds and perpetual snipsnaps with sundry aunts and sisters-in-law of mine of rather nagging idiosyncrasies. But ignorance of language will probably blind your sensitive ears to the sneering and ill-natured tone of their remarks.

I can only say that I am quite ready (if you insist upon it) to fulfil my contract to best ability, and undertake the heavy burden which Providence has, very injudiciously, saddled upon my feeble back. Mr. CHUCKERBUTTY RAM, of 15, Jubilee Terrace, Clapham, was present at my first wedding, and will doubtless certify to same on application.

Ever yours faithfully and devotedly,

H. B. J.

In writing the above, I was well aware that there is a strong prejudice in the mind of European females in favour of monogamy, and my letter (as will be seen by the intelligent reader) was rather cleverly composed so as to shift the burden of breach of contract from my shoulders to hers.

So that I rubbed my hands with gleeful jubilation on receiving her reply that she was astounded with wonderment at the sublimity of my cheek in supposing that she would play the subordinate fiddle to any native wife, and that she had communicated with CHUCKERBUTTY RAM, Esq., and if my statement re infant marriage (which at present she suspected to be a mere spoof) proved correct, she would certainly decline my insulting offer.

Now as it is the undeniable fact that I was wedded when a mere juvenile, I shall save my brush from this near shave—provided that Mr. CHUCKERBUTTY RAM has received my tip in time, and does not, like Hon'ble CUMMERBUND, go beyond his instructions.

But this is not reasonably probable, Baboo CHUCKERBUTTY being a tolerably discreet, subtle chap.

### THE WATER-FAMINE.

(An East-End Pastoral. Some way after Wordenworth.)

THE night was falling fast, and the stars began to blink,  
I heard a voice; it said, "D'yer want that there to drink?"  
And looking to the stand-pipe in the gutter I espied  
A little ragged girl, with a Bumble at her side.

No other folks were near, the two stood there alone,  
The little ragged girl was kneeling on the stone;  
With one knee on the kerb did the grubby maiden kneel,  
Whilst in her tiny pitcher the trickling stream did steal.

The pitcher it was small, but a precious time it took  
To fill it, and the portly man his head in anger shook.  
"D'yer want that there for drink, girl?" he inquired, in such  
a tone  
That the shock which shook the poor child's heart found echo in  
my own.

Bumble's companion was a child with lank and towed hair!  
I watched them with surprise; they were a curious pair.  
Now, with her half-filled pitcher the maiden turned away,  
But the burly Bumble spake, and her footsteps she did stay.

Down on the child he looked; and from my shady place  
I, unobserved, could see the harsh working of his face.  
If Nature to her tongue plucky fluency could bring,  
The uttered words, I thought, of this child might bite and sting.

"What are you up to, young 'un?" said Bumble. "On my word,  
The fuss you folks are making about water is absurd!  
The cumpnys must be soft, ah, green as grass can be,  
If they diminish dividends to please such folks as ye!"

"What is it that you want? To wash and make you smart,  
Or water your back gardings? That is a pretty start!  
And as to drinking, lor! Is there no gin or beer?  
You can't 'ave water if we've none. I think that's pretty  
clear!"

"If the sun is shining 'ot, and we ain't 'ad 'eavy rains,  
And you git cholera and things along of unflushed drains,  
Why 'ope for rains, or pray for 'em like parsons. Water's  
dear,  
And we can't let our dividends run down for you—no fear!"

"Run 'ome now, young 'un. Tell yer father 'e must up and  
pay  
That water-rate 'e shirked when the collector called to-day.  
'Ain't 'ad none for a week or more, or leastways next to none?  
And mother's ill, and baby sick, and your plannts parched by  
the sun?"

"Ah, that's all tommy-rot, my girl! Can't 'elp yer, and 'cos  
wy?  
'Cos of our dividends, ye see! So let your flowers die!  
And if the baby ditto does, happeal to us is vain.  
Go 'ome, and if you want to wash, scrub, drink—wy—pray for  
rain!"

As homeward through that alum I went, dry, dusty, and un-  
sweet,  
That man's harsh words I oftentimes did to myself repeat.  
"Water-supply?" I muttered. "Humph! the irony is fine!  
I wonder, now, what I should do if such a case were mine?"

THE NEXT MARVEL OF PROGRESSION.—A horse-marine on a  
donkey-engine.



### THE PRACTICAL MIND.

Native (to the delight of Flora, returning with spoils from the highways  
and hedges). "THAT LASSIE MAUN SURELY KEEP A COO!"

### ANOTHER ADDRESS ON RURAL REPOSE.

(Not delivered.)

LADIES, INGLIS MANDARINS AND MEN.—Chin-chin to you. Me  
no speakee velly muchee Inglis, but have lead the velly good  
addless of Light Honourable GLAD STONE, the velly gleat, topside,  
Gland Old Man, at Ha-wa-den. He tellee the people of the  
pvince of Che-shir he now "a lual man, one of the countly  
folk." Me wishee to be that too. No lest for me, all travellin  
chop-chop, seeing Lussian men and German men, then Flenchee-  
men in Falia, now at last Ingliamen in Lon-don. No lest till me  
gettee back to Chih-li.

Now all you foleign dev—I mean, foleign peoples—you lush  
about chop-chop all day, and you makee me lush about. Now  
in Chih-li only the coolies go chop-chop. But here in Eulope  
you makee me see gleat, big, tlemendous lot of things not pletty  
to see, when me wishee be lual man, like Light Honourable  
GLAD STONE. My fiend, Excellency Doctor BIS MARCK, he leste  
also. They makee him Doctor, so he must know what is light  
for health.

Now in Chih-li we not lave about chelly blossoms and chly-  
santhemums so muchee as the miselable Japanese people, but we  
likee flowers. And we likee the sun, who is a lation of the  
Empelor. It is muchee better to be in the countly, looking at  
the pletty loses and the other flowers, the gleat, gland, velly  
high, big trees, and the gleen Inglis glass, than shut up in  
Cal-ton-hou-se-tel-lace, and just taken out chop-chop to see the  
Houses of your talkee-talkee men, and a chow-chow of steets  
and loads.

There is a gleat man in Lon-don, PUNCH CHUNG-TANG—he  
must be a Gland Sectlately as he lites so much—and he has drawn  
me in his gland, velly fine, beautiful book in a lowing boat, or  
junk, under a willow tree. Velly nice, but "no go," as you say  
in Inglis. Now me hully away, for they takee me to go top-  
side Plim-lose-hill, to see the gland view of Lon-don as they  
say. Me not wantee to, likee to lest in a junk under a willow  
tree, but no, must go chop-chop. So I say, what you speakee  
in Inglis, "Ta-ta."

LITTLE BY LITTLE, LINE UPON LINE.—MR. VANDAM'S latest  
work.



## AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS.

Caddie (visiting). "WHAT KIND O' PLAYER IS HE?"

Caddie (engaged). "'IM? HE JUST PLAYS AS IF IT WAS FOR PLEASURE!"

## VICTORIA!

THE FLEET'S MESSAGE TO THE QUEEN.

(Presented by Mr. Punch.)

"I am desired by the QUEEN to express to the Fleet her pleasure at the appearance of the ships on the occasion of her visit to Spithead."—*The Queen's Message to the Fleet.*

(With Punch's Apologies to Dublin.)

WHEN Britons on the mighty main  
Of Albion's flag the rights maintain,  
What name warms heart and brightens  
brain? VICTORIA!

All sailors know when battle's roar  
Sounds o'er the sea, there's one ashore  
Who'll gladly con their glories o'er,—  
VICTORIA!

JACK knows whatever be his lot,  
Blow high, blow low, blow cold, blow hot,  
By one true heart he's ne'er forgot,—  
VICTORIA!

She lauds the appearance of the fleet!  
At her appearance all hearts beat!  
We'll make the welkin ring to greet  
VICTORIA!

And e'en her written word hath force  
To warm true heart's blood in its course;  
And lips shout cheers till throats grow  
hoarse, VICTORIA!

And should there come fierce foe to fight,  
Right to defend or wrong to right;  
We'll do—or die—Ma'am, in your sight,  
VICTORIA!

JACK treasures up your words of praise  
More gratefully than laureate lays.  
Heaven send you love and length of days,  
VICTORIA!

Already length of days hath crowned  
A reign than GEORGE'S grander found,  
As Great ELIZABETH'S renowned,  
VICTORIA!

And when a few more days have sped,  
Our royal record you will head,  
Outglorying the glorious dead,  
VICTORIA!

VICTORIA! How each Jack Tar glows  
At that well-omen'd name—a rose  
That with HOPE'S sweetest promise blows!  
VICTORIA!

Your sailors' lode-star, dear to them  
As glorious victory! Freedom's gem!  
One shout rings out from stern to stem,  
VICTORIA!!!

## RECKONINGS AT RYDE.

(By a Fair Transatlantic.)

THAT much good American will be spoken  
undisfigured by an English accent.

That yachts are small potatoes when  
compared with smart frocks and notice-  
able head-gear.

That according to the poet BURNS, "the  
rank may be the guinea stamp," but a  
duke's a duke for all that.

That at luncheon time folks are prone  
to become crowded.

That New York city is the finest place  
in creation, but it is hard to beat the  
Island as a gathering ground for the lei-  
sured classes.

That it's a pity that Yale boys are not  
in it, as the proceedings might be livelier.

That it's all very well to be solemn and  
sedate, but champagne and lobster salad  
don't mix in well with bows and curtesays.

That it's a pity we consented to be ac-

companied by the Yankee drawl of  
"puppaw."

That if "mummaw" knows her business  
it ought to be a short cry from "*Rule,  
Britannia*," at Ryde, to "*Hail, Columbia*,"  
in St. George's, Hanover Square.

## A SAD LETTER DAY.

(To my Lady of No Note.)

I TOLD the man to bring them me—  
My letters—so he brought them in.  
A goodly pile they were to see,  
A dozen quite there must have been.

An invitation out to dine—  
If I were paid, I wouldn't go.  
A flaming screed about a mine,  
Would I take shares?—good heavens!  
No!

A friendly line or two from Nell,  
My sister, if the truth be told,  
To say that all at home are well,  
Save that the horse has caught a cold.

And so I wandered through the heap,  
With keen eye searching everywhere  
For what, with grief profound and deep,  
At last I found out wasn't there.

You guess, I doubt not, why it was  
The heap in vain I hunted through?  
And why the day was drear? Because  
I did not get—a word from you.

SUGGESTION TO BREWERS.—Advertise  
the XXX Ray Ale. Ingredients ascer-  
tained by inspection of barrel.

A STENOGRAPHER UP-TO-DATE.—The  
penny-a-linotyper.



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—August 15, 1896.



## CHINA IN THE BULL-SHOP.

CHORUS OF RIVAL SHOPKEEPERS (outside). "WONDER IF HE'S GOING TO BUY ANYTHING HERE? WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY ORDERS OUT OF HIM!"



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### PROPER PRIDE.

"WELL, NIGEL, IF I LET YOU STAY IN THE DRAWING-ROOM, YOU MUST BE VERY QUIET, AND NOT WANT TO TALK TO ME WHEN VISITORS ARE HERE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"

"YES, MUMMY, I UNDERSTANDS; BUT WHEN I COMES INTO THE DRAWING-ROOM, I AM A VISITOR!"

### ROUNABOUT READINGS.

#### STRAY NOTES ON WOMEN.

I HAVE hitherto abstained from adding fuel to the raging fires of the woman controversy, on which some of the most fantastic as well as many of the duller intellects of the century have lately been engaged in heaping logs. The whole mad business affects me personally very little. Not having as yet led a soft flutterer to an altar, I am privileged to look upon women from a respectful distance, tempered by the necessity for a daily interview with my cook, and explanations to my housemaid that I am merely in quest of a boot, a slipper, or a bunch of keys, and that she need not interrupt her dusting and tidying operations in my room. My cook has several ways of looking at me. First is her *siroin* of beef look. This implies that if I don't have a big joint hot, it is useless for me to expect anything cold for lunch on the following day, also it hints that, after all, servants are human beings, and want their food like the rest of us; "though perhaps we could do with a pigeon-pie, if you'd prefer the roast beef yourself, Sir." Next comes her *mayonnaise* look. This is altogether a gayer, lighter and airier look. When she assumes it, she has evidently made up her mind that the time has come for making concessions, for leaving the arid regions of beef and mutton, and visiting the pleasant valleys and shady groves sacred to *entrées*. For the *mayonnaise* look includes also *kromesquies*, *crème de volaille*, savoury omelet, and various *timbales*.

A THIRD, and a freezing look, is the "you wasn't pleased with your breakfast" look. There is in it a sense of injury done to the innocent, of righteous expostulation, only waiting for an opportunity to assert itself, which reduces me to a pulp. It may have happened, that arriving in the breakfast-room late, I find a kipper, a cold kidney, and a hard-boiled egg. Now the cold kidney I could have endured, the hard-boiled egg I could have forgiven—but the kipper on a torrid summer's day is too awful. The reluctant butler hears an anathema directed against the tribe of kippers, and reports to the cook that "e's

cussin' like mad; says 'e'll be 'anged if 'e's goin' to poison 'isself with any more o' that trash." In this message the cook detects a slight upon her skill and discretion, and relations between her and her master consequently become strained, so that during the morning interview she adopts a negative, unsuggesting attitude, which generally ends in hashed mutton and rice pudding.

A MAN never realises so fully how vain and foolish he is as when he attempts to make suggestions to his cook. With an air of having devoted time and deep thought to the matter, he will say, "I think I have had enough of vegetable marrow. Why not a nice dish of peas?" and the lady of the stove and apron will reply that peas have been out for ten days or more, but that, if you give her time, and don't mind the money, she dares say she might manage to get you, say, a saucer full; but she scarcely thinks it worth the trouble, especially as French beans are very good just now. This is but a sample of the pit-falls spread for the unhappy bachelor. As for controlling his books, the task is hopeless. Vainly he skims the long array of items: the only solid facts he can grasp are what *Mr. Mantalini* called the *dem totals*, with this one subsidiary fact—that the baker's book always sums up to a halfpenny, and, however much you may dock this halfpenny it invariably recurs week by week, from one end of the year to the other.

BUT what I want to know is this: do women really control households, manage servants, restrain expenses, and pay weekly books one whit better than men? I know there is a general feeling of pity for bachelors who own houses—an implication of contempt for men who are victimised, and twisted round little fingers, and made to pay through noses, and scandalously fleeced, while women, it is supposed, not only know by an instinct the wiles of the butcher, and are able to circumvent both him and the grocer, the fishmonger, and the baker with ease and completeness, but can also keep their domestic establishment in a state of better organisation and working order. I have no hesitation in denouncing this as a perfectly baseless superstition. In the first place I am convinced that the whole business—except the checking of books—is ridiculously easy, and in the checking of books, even a man who "failed in the mathematical part of his little go" could give the best woman a stone and a beating. And further, I incline to think that the bachelor gets more willing work, and, on the whole, a more cheerful content, out of his servants than does a wife. For it is extraordinary how furiously and bitterly a woman resents the mere suspicion of being put upon, even to the extent of a farthing, by a tradesman or a servant. Indeed, she is apt to create for herself circumstances that warrant the suspicion, and then, with a swoop and a pounce, the whole machinery goes out of gear, and the lord and master wonders why his food falls off in merit. Yet the same angry lady will cheerfully defraud a railway company or a custom-house.

#### The Merry Swiss Landlord to the Traveller who has been Plundered.

BRITON, assuage this futile rage!  
Your curses are in vain.

You vow you'll go, but well I know  
You'll cut to come again!

#### A Modern Paris.

*Schoolmaster.* Now, boys, supposing that the goddesses Diana, Venus, and Juno were to appear before you, what would you do with this apple?

*Brown Minimus.* Please, Sir, I'd eat it before they asked for it.

MRS. PROCEYL writes to say that she can't make out what the world is coming to? A week ago she read about horseless carriages, and now she sees by the paper that grouse are being driven. Mrs. P. supposes that one of these days she will hear of men and women riding on balloons.

THE TRUE INWARDNESS OF ART.—Photographs by the Röntgen rays.

THE CORRECT REPLY TO A HALTING QUESTION.—A lame excuse.

THE PROPER FOOD FOR DOGS.—Whine biscuits.





### PARLIAMENTARY "VICTORIA CROSS" RACE!

RIDERS HAVE TO JUMP THE FENCE, DISMOUNT, PICK UP THE "DUMMIES," ALLOTTED TO THEM, REMOUNT AND RETURN OVER THE FENCE TO THE WINNING POST. THE UNWIELDINESS OF THE "DUMMIES" AND THE RESTIVENESS OF THE HORSES COMBINE TO CAUSE ENDLESS AMUSEMENT.

## WAR ON WIRES.

*(Latest Development of the Telephone.)*

*First Voice (from somewhere).* I say, how are you getting on?

*Second Voice (from somewhere else).* Oh, very well. Fort full of provisions, and lots of food. Hope you will get up in time to take part in the athletic sports.

*First Voice.* Will, if we can; but fact is, the camp has had to be entrenched. The enemy are very lively. Wait a moment—wanted elsewhere.

*Second Voice (after a pause).* I say, what are you doing? I have been addressing you for the last half-hour, trying to attract your attention. Well, what have you to say? Do look sharp. Fact is, most of our ammunition has blown up (through an accident), and the surgeons say that the rinderpest has broken out in the cattle. What are you laughing at?

*Third Voice (in gruff accents).* Can't help laughing because you are telling all this to me.

*Second Voice (impatiently).* But why shouldn't I?

*Third Voice.* I don't know why you shouldn't, only it seemed to me rather incongruous. By all means go on. You say you have lost your ammunition and supplies. Ha! ha! ha! Well?

*Second Voice.* But who are you?

*Third Voice.* I! Why I am the enemy! I thought I would make you laugh!

*Second Voice.* You the enemy! I say, it isn't fair!

*Third Voice.* Everything's fair in love and war, and I do so enjoy a practical joke.

*Second Voice (angrily).* It's all very well to say that, but it isn't gentlemanly. Fortunate for you that you are fifty miles off, or I should punch your head!

*Third Voice (still laughing).* You will have an opportunity, as we are advancing towards you. Your friends are utterly defeated and we are masters of the field. So you had better surrender.

*Second Voice.* Shan't!

*Third Voice.* Don't be silly! What's the good of holding out when I tell you that we propose to surround you. You had much better give in.

*Second Voice.* Shan't do anything of the sort. But perhaps if you will allow us to march out with the honours of war we might see what could be done. What do you say to that? Why are you silent? Why don't you answer?

*First Voice (after a pause—abruptly).* Here we are again! We have had no end of a battle, but once more have retaken the camp.

*Second Voice.* But what's become of the enemy?

*First Voice.* Defeated, my boy! Absolutely knocked into a cocked hat!

*Second Voice (pleased).* Bravo! We are all delighted. In honour of your victory we are going to illuminate!

*First Voice (courteously).* And we, in recognition of your relief, are letting off fireworks! And now, to celebrate the occasion, I am going to have a drink!

*Second Voice (hurriedly).* And so am I. *(Bell rings off.)*

THE HEIGHT OF SPECULATION.—A gentleman endeavouring to open his front door in the early hours with a watch key.



HE KNEW THE CUISINE.

*Hungry Diner (scanning the Menu).* "LOOK HERE, WAITER, I'M STARVING. I THINK I'LL HAVE A LITTLE OF EVERYTHING!"  
*Waiter.* "YESSIR. (Bawls off.) 'ASH ONE!"

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday, August 3.—Rumour current that LI HUNG CHANG is coming down to pay visit to House of Commons. SARK going about trying to borrow Röntgen photographic apparatus. Has read about Chinese minister successfully operated upon by X rays for localisation of bullet lodged when attempt made to assassinate him.

"What I want to know," says SARK, "is what kind of a card our guileless friend has got up his sleeve? Not going about from Court to Court for nothing. If I could only get a snapshot at him with the Röntgen camera as he crosses Lobby, we might know where we are."

JOHN LUBBOCK smiles at our enthusiastic friend's idea that the X rays are available in Kodak fashion; but says nothing. "Quite enough said for one Session," observes this wise man. "As for me, I'm going on a long visit to my Ants."

Probably never since Scotchmen discovered the broad highway leading south beyond the Tweed, have they so bitterly regretted coming to England as some do to-night. Scotch Rating Bill in Committee. With Scotch Liberal Members point of honour to be present. When Bill passed second reading they raised fearsome hullabaloo designed to frighten PRINCE ARTHUR into dropping Bill for Session. PRINCE ARTHUR seeming to hesitate, the Scots grew more than ever like the Picts. Every man prepared to die on floor of House fighting Bill.

Last week PRINCE ARTHUR smilingly said he meant to carry Rating Bill. Consternation in Scottish camp. Having threatened war they must needs carry it on. No going away for accelerated holiday. Must stay in town and fight Rating Bill line by line.

Most touching case that of CAWMELL-BANNERMAN. Duo at Marienbad last week. Friday was fixed for the great annual festival, when burgomaster and burghers go forth to meet the personage who has come to be regarded as the patron saint of Marienbad. To see CAWMELL-BANNERMAN laurel-crowned, led in procession on his arrival at Marienbad is the chief event of the season. Not able to go last week. Other Scotch Members, with almost equally urgent engagements, similarly entrapped. Must stay to-night



"A Nicht wi'—Cau'dwell."

and grind away at Rating Bill. Only man who really enjoys himself is CALDWELL.

**Business done.**—Scotch Rating Bill in Committee.

**Tuesday.**—Am often asked whether, since I was first returned to House by the Berkshire yeomen, the place has undergone marked change in character, habits, and modes of thought. Some fellows always talking of good old times, decadence of manners in the House, and the rest. All bosh. Never knew better-mannered House than present. Indeed, of the seven I have sat in, it is distinctly the most decorous in behaviour, the most obedient to touch of hand of authority.

The other day, a new Member had occasion to move amendment to Bill in Committee. What do you think he did as a preliminary? Why, he went into a barber's shop, planked down his shilling, and had his hair curled!

Sober fact this, not one of SARK's yarns. I don't mention his name *pour cause*. The poet (not WILLIAM ALLAN) has somewhere remarked on pang of seeing a strong man in tears. Worse still to see an hon. Member blushing through his curls.

Take another instance that occurs to mind. The Parliament of 1874-80, which GRAND CROSS illumined with his presence, was given to puff itself up because of a

slight of fancy on part of that eminent statesman.

"I hear an hon. Member smile," said GRAND CROSS, looking severely round House when somebody sniggered at a pempous platitude.

Good, I admit. Stood unrivalled up to present day. Now comes LOUGH, and equals it, if he does not excel it. House in Committee on Home Office vote. LOUGH wants to abolish privilege system for cabs at railway stations.

"I claim the late Home Secretary as a convert to my views," says he. "The right hon. gentleman shakes his head. I am sorry to hear it."

**Business done.**—More of the Scotch Rating Bill in Committee. "What a time we are having, to be sure!" says CALDWELL, mopping CAUSTON's forehead under momentary impression that that massive structure was his own.

**Thursday.**—Sorry to hear of coldness having sprung up between one of best fellows in House and circle of old family friends. M.P. looking in one evening on way home from dinner taken in neighbourhood, found eldest daughter of house in drawing-room in company with eligible young man. M.P. is the shyest, most retiring person in world. Always ready to think himself *de trop*. Probably not the slightest ground for suspicion in present case. All the same, M.P. fidgeted about; said he had engagement at his club; getting late; must go.

All right up to now. But it happened that in his bachelor London establishment, M.P. has formed economical habit of turning off electric light on leaving a room, even for a moment. His mind still at unrest about his supposed intrusion, he was passing out by doorway when his eye unhappily fell on electric-light button set in wall by door. Instinctively his hand went forth; he gave the thing a turn, and placidly pursued his way downstairs. It was only when he reached the hall, and heard a shriek of laughter from upstairs that he realised what he had done.

"The worst of it is," he says, in anguished tone, confiding his trouble to the Member for Sark, "they insist that I was playing a practical joke, a thing I never did in my life. Would least of all do in such circumstances. Never go near the house any more; breaks up friendship of long standing."

**Business done.**—Lords make a beginning with Irish Land Bill in Committee. A few Irish Members watch debate from gallery over Bar. Amongst them the mellifluous MURNAGHAN. More than ever a pity no opening for interchange of platform between two Houses. Might have far-reaching effect on Bill if Mr. M. were permitted to stand at Bar of Lords, and, addressing LORD CHANCELLOR, repeat his famous warning to Irish Secretary.

Brother GERALD on Report stage of Land Bill declined to accept amendment reducing term of juducial rent from fifteen years to ten.

"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir," said Mr. MURNAGHAN, "I wish to warn the right hon. gentleman that when his message reaches Ireland it will spread abroad a feeling of consternation."

**Friday.**—SARK quite angry about what is really, after all, a small matter. Brings copy of Orders of the Day, containing, amongst much else, journal of Committee

of Selection. Under heading Group F., appears this entry:—

"The following Members are removed from the Group at the conclusion of the Dublin Corporation Bill [Lords]:—

Mr. SKEWES-COX.

Hon. E. S. DOUGLAS-PENNANT."

"Why should they 'SCUSE-COX' that's what I want to know?" says the Member for Sark, glaring at me as if I'd anything to do with it. "All very well for DOUGLAS. He's at liberty to hoist his



Setting them right on a matter of Law.  
(Mr. H-d-ne, Q.C.)

pennant elsewhere. But why a man should go about House in habitual apologetic attitude—SKEWES-COX this, and SKEWES-COX that—becomes towards end of Session distinctly irritating. Reminds me of dear old JOHNNIE TOOLE in a forgotten bit of business. Perhaps you remember how he used to put on a cotton glove six sizes too large, and when he held out hand to shake that of acquaintance, always said, 'Scuse my glove.' That's good stage business. But when it comes to a Member getting off Committee work, it's another pair of sleeves. Next time I receive intimation that I have been added to Select Committee on private Bill, I will write back and say, 'No thanks. Pray SKEWES-SARK!'

**Business done.**—Lords make an end of Irish Land Bill in Committee.

### What's the Odds?

(By a Puzzled Peruser of the Papers.)

Is it LI HUNG CHANG?

Is it LI CHUNG TONG?

Is it LI HUNG TANG?

Which is right, which wrong?

Be it tweedle-dum, be it tweedle-dee,  
To greet hearty Li heartily we all agree!

QUERY, BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (OUT ON BAIL).—Can the captain of a steamer backing her engines after running down another be said to have a revisionary interest in an undeniable settlement?



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variety of delightful, dainty dishes.

**NO EGGS! NO TROUBLE! NO RISK!**



IS THE FINEST  
Tonic IN  
THE WORLD.  
Over 2,000 Testi-  
monials have  
been received  
from Medical  
Men. Six Gold  
Medals. Sold in  
Bottles, 2/6 and  
4/6.  
Manufacturers:  
COLEMAN &  
CO., Ltd., Norwich  
and London.  
A 24. 24. Bottle  
sent Post Free  
on receipt of 3d  
stamp.

## Needham's Polishing Paste

ESTABLISHED 1854.  
The most reliable preparation for cleaning and brilliantly  
polishing Brass, Copper, Tin, Britannia Metal, Flatware, etc.  
Can be obtained retail everywhere. Sole Manufacturers—  
**JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, Sheffield, &c.**  
London Office—ST. GEORGE'S HOUSE, EASTCROP, E.C.

## C. Brandauer & Co's Circular-Pointed Pens.

SEVEN PRIZE  
MEDALS.



These  
Series of  
Pens Write as  
Smoothly as a  
Lead Pencil. Neither  
Scratch nor Spurt, the  
points being rounded by a  
special process. Assorted  
Sample Box for 7 stamps from the  
Works, BIRMINGHAM.



"THE OLD SHAVER."

**12 MONTHS LUXURY FOR 12 PENCE.**

(A shilling shaving stick lasts a year.)

"Represents the  
standard of highest  
purity at present  
attainable."

*Lancet.*

# Cadbury's cocoa

**NO ALKALIES USED**  
(as in many of the so-  
called "pure" Foreign  
Cocoas).